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Turvey and the Mordaunts,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

Legh Richmond.

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G. F. W. MUNBY,
AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF TURVEY,"
AND
THOMAS WRIGHT,
AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF WILLIAM COBBETT," &c.

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TURVEY PARISH CHURCH.

TURVEY AND THE MORDAUNTS,

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF LEGH RICHMOND AND HIS CONNECTION WITH TURVEY.

BY

G. F. W. MUNBY, M.A.,

RECTOR OF TURVEY;

AND

THOMAS WRIGHT,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER," ETC.

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Turvey and the Mordaunts.

I.

THE VILLAGE

By Thomas Wright.

It is astonishing how little we know of our immediate surroundings. Their names are so familiar to us, and we so often pass by or through them that we are apt to under-rate their importance. Many a Londoner has never entered Westminster Abbey; many a Warwickshire man has never stood by Shakspere's tomb. But are not our own shortcomings equally glaring? Have not we neglected some of the shrines, even those of the greatest sanctity, among which it has been our privilege to spend a considerable portion of our lives? Some, perhaps, will plead guilty to never having made a pilgrimage to Turvey, one of the most interesting of Bedfordshire villages—the residence, to commence with, for twenty-two years, of the famous Legh Richmond.

My last visit to this village was made only a short time ago. The first building of interest, after leaving the station and the new almshouses, is, "The Abbey," a handsome irregular structure with an elegant porch, numerous gables, clipped hedges and trees, and stonework

balustrade. In the Abbey, into which, thanks to kind permission, I was able to enter, I had the pleasure of seeing many of the valuable and interesting objects collected by its late owner, Mr. C. L. Higgins, and among them the poet Cowper's shoe-buckles, and the chest of drawers (readers of his poems will remember the incident) in which the poet's cat was imprisoned. In the village proper the visitor should not forget to notice the three tenements (one of which is the Post Office) that stand on the site of the ancient hostelry called "The Tinker of Turvey," a hostelry in the old coaching days of considerable importance. Its signboard, still preserved at the Abbey, represents a man and woman, and a dog; and accompanying it is the inscription, known perfectly by every man, woman, and child in the parish :—

> The Tinker of Turvey, his dog, and his staff,
> Old Nell with her Budget will make a man laugh.

In the library of the British Museum is preserved a very rare pamphlet bearing the following title, "The Tincker of Turvey, his merry pastime from Billingsgate to Gravesend. The Barge being freighted with mirth, and mann'd with Trotter the tincker, Yerker a cobble, Thumper a smith, &c., and other mad merry fellowes, every one of them telling his tale." (London, 1630, 4to). The pamphlet is extremely coarse, but part of the preface will bear quoting. "The Tinker," it runs, "hammers out an epistle to all gentlemen that love Latin, to all strolling tinkers; and to all the brave mettle men that travel on the hoof with a dog, and a doxie "(wife)" ats tayle. Be you all, then, (my brother strowlers and padders on the highway) as jovial as I am. Lives not a merry man longer

than a sad? Has not a tinker less care than a Tamberlaine the Great? Is not an hour of honest mirth worth a vinter's hogshead (that has no doings) full of melancholy? Here's a gallimawfry of all sorts: The wayting wench has jests to make her merry; and clownes, plaine Dunstable dogrell for them to laugh at till their leather buttons fly off." Only three copies of the original of this curious book are known to exist. It was reprinted in 1859 by J. O. Halliwell (Phillipps), the edition being limited to twenty-six copies.

In another part of the village is a spring of water, long famous for its supposed virtues, and according to popular tradition that, too, is in some way connected with the Tinker and his wife; but, however that may be, it has gone, time out of mind, by the name of "Nell's Well." Over it is now a neat arch of stone, with the following inscription placed there by the late Colonel Higgins, of Picts Hill:—

NELL'S WELL.

O fountain pure, whose spring so sure
Has never yet run dry;
Thy water tells of deeper wells
Which living streams supply.
Thy spring, though pure, no thirst can cure,
Who drinks will drink in vain:
Go, neighbour, try that deep supply;
Thou ne'er shalt thirst again?

Restored, 1875.

The picturesqueness of the houses and cottages cannot fail to arrest the visitor's attention, but he may not be aware of the great contrast between the present appearance of the village, and the appearance it presented within the memory even of middle-aged men. The Turvey of Legh Richmond's day was utterly unlike the Turvey of to-day.

Instead of comfortable and picturesque cottages erected with that charming irregularity yet studied uniformity that makes Turvey such a model village, you would have seen for the most part a collection of thatched, tumble-down, and in every way wretchedly-conditioned abodes. The present happy state of affairs is owing to two gentlemen—Mr. Charles Longuet Higgins of the Abbey, and Mr. Thomas Charles Higgins of Turvey House, a mansion at the other end of the village. Mr. C. L. Higgins, when a young man, made the resolve that when he should come into possession of his father's property, he would effect three things—1, Restore the church; 2, Re-build the cottages on the estate; 3, Provide schools. And he kept his word. About the same time Mr. T. C. Higgins too, effected considerable improvements. The Rectory, a modern residence, occupies the site of Legh Richmond's parsonage. In one of the windows may be seen a pane of glass (taken from the old house) on which Mr. Richmond scratched his name.

From the Rectory we walked towards the church, and as we approached the lych-gate, our attention was called to the fact that in the midst of the triangular space before it, stood the ancient village cross. The church tower is now surmounted by a pyramidal roof, with a gilt cross. Entering the edifice though the porch, which, as is usual, is on the south side, we notice first the thick oaken doors with curious ancient ironwork; and then the massive Norman font, which in Mr. Richmond's time (and as figured in illustrations) stood in the chancel just in front of the Communion Table. The appearance of the edifice from the west end of the nave is most impressive. The large stained-glass window of the chancel was inserted in 1852 when the church was restored and beautified by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Gilbert Scott. On the left of the

chancel is the large and handsome organ; and on the right, between the pillars of the nave, we can see, in the portion of the south aisle called "The Lady Chapel," the monument to Sir John Mordaunt (time of Henry VII.) and his wife Edith, the sedilia, and the arch containing a fresco of the Crucifixion. The tomb of John, the first Lord Mordaunt, under a circular canopy in the south wall of the chancel, was, at the spot were we stood, hidden from view; but between the octagonal pillars on the north side, could be seen the magnificent tomb of another Mordaunt, John, the second Lord (of Elizabeth's day) and his two wives. The tomb of Lewis, the third Lord, one of the judges of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, is without an effigy. At the fourth pillar on the left stood the pulpit of Legh Richmond (the present pulpit is in the usual place on the north side of the chancel arch); and about the middle of the north aisle are tablets to Mr. Richmond, and his wife Mary (who died in 1873, aged 95), their sons Nugent and Wilberforce, and two other children who died in infancy. There is also a brass commemorating the names of the rest of Legh Richmond's children, with the dates of their deaths. On the right, above the pointed arches of the nave, can be seen the narrow rounded arches of the original Saxon church. From the ceiling are suspended handsome chandeliers; and the beauty of the windows (of the decorated style most of them) with their coloured lights, adds to the effectiveness of the scene. In the middle line of the pavement of the nave is a quarry of brass engraved E. M. (Erasmus Middleton, the distinguished evangelical clergyman who preceded Mr. Richmond), and in the chancel a similar one with L. R. (Legh Richmond), which mark the spots where these two remarkable men were interred. Charles Mordaunt, the great Earl of Peterborough, is also buried in

this church, and is comemorated by a brass in the north aisle.

Turvey Old Hall, the residence of the Mordaunts and the Peterboroughs, stood at a short distance from Turvey village; and the farm-house (Turvey Hall farm) which occupies its site, may be seen from the railroad—on the left in passing from Bedford to Northampton. What this old place was like we cannot tell; for, unfortunately, no one has yet been able to come across drawings of it. The mote, however, the bowling-green, and the gardens are clearly indicated by the configuration of the ground.

Descended from a brave soldier of the Conqueror's time, who took his name from what may be styled his chief occupation, that of giving death to, or slaying his enemies (Dare Mortem), the Mordaunts were during many reigns a conspicuous family; and thanks to their abilities as soldiers and courtiers, and their persistency in taking unto themselves heiresses, each head of the family for many generations was considerably richer both in estate and influence than his predecessor; until the time of Lewis, the third Baron, who was one of the wealthiest gentlemen in England. The family had held property in Turvey almost from the Conquest. They became possessed of the magnificent mansion and estate of Drayton (Northants.) in the reign of Henry VII. Of the first Sir John Mordaunt, of his successor, Sir John (created Lord Mordaunt in 1532), and also of the second Lord Mordaunt, there are, as we have seen, fine effigies in Turvey Church. Lewis, the third Lord, was succeeded by Henry, who, though innocent, was imprisoned and fined for supposed complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. John, the fifth Lord, was made Earl of Peterborough. Adjoining the southern wall of Turvey Church (exteriorly) is

an altar-shaped tomb placed there to preserve the memory of a domestic who had served the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Lords, as page and servant, with fidelity and zeal. The monument bears upon it a brass plate, with the following inscription :—

"Here lyeth John Richardson under this wall,
A faithful true servant at Turvey Old Hall,
Page to the first Lord Mordaunt of fame,
Servant to Lewis, Lord Henry, and John:
Payneful and careful and just to them all,
Till death toke his lyfe,
God have mercy on his soule. Amen."

John, fifth Lord Mordaunt and first Lord Peterborough, had two sons : the elder, Henry. second Lord Peterborough, was with Richard Rands, Rector of Turvey, co-author of "Halstead's Succinct Genealogies," published in London, 1685, which gives an account of the origin and history of the Mordaunts and the families with which they intermarried, a curious and valuable work of which only twenty-four copies were printed ; the younger, (the Hon. John Mordaunt), married the beautiful Elizabeth Carey, the subject of the next sketch, and their eldest son, was the celebrated Charles Mordaunt, afterwards third Earl of Peterborough.

II.

*THE FIRST VISCOUNTESS MORDAUNT.**

By the Rev. G. F. W. Munby.

There are few more conspicuous characters in the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne than Charles, the third Earl of Peterborough, the hero of the siege of Barcelona, and of many other thrilling incidents in the Spanish War. This distinguished general was known not only for his extraordinary skill and energy in the art of war, but for his singular vivacity and love of adventure, and throughout his life for his sparkling wit and humour. Like most great men, he had a remarkable mother. His mother was Elizabeth, the first Viscountess Mordaunt, and it was chiefly from her that he inherited the talents which distinguished him. This lady deserves to be remembered for her own sake, as well as for the sake of her illustrious son.

The father of Charles, the third Earl, was—like his brother, the second Earl—an ardent supporter of the Royal cause in the struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament; and, after the death of the King, he was one of the chief promoters of the efforts which followed, to place Charles II. upon the throne. He was known at this time as the Hon. John Mordaunt, and, as such, was married to the future Viscountess, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Thomas Carey, second son of Robert, Earl of Monmouth.

* *Reprinted from "The Churchman," May,* 1889.

This lady was remarkable for her wit, her beauty, and her loyalty in the subsequent court of the "merrie monarch;" but she was far more remarkable still for the beauty of her personal piety and for her devotion to God, and to the duties of religion, in the midst of a court where all thoughts of God were far too often forgotten. Of her it is that Lord Clarendon says, "She concurred with her husband in all honourable dedications of himself," and that she was "a young and beautiful lady, of a very loyal spirit, and notable vivacity of wit and humour," Of her it was that these lines were written,

> "Betty Carey's lips and eyes
> Make all hearts their sacrifice.

But her personal beauty never proved to her a snare in that gay court, and her ready wit and humour never drew away her mind from higher things and holier. Little though she is known, there are few more beautiful characters than hers to be found in all the history of the time. Her life was one of singular holiness, purity, and unobtrusive piety, shining with a brilliance all the more remarkable by contrast with the tone and character of the court in which she moved. That her distinguished son, "whose eccentric career," as Lord Macaulay says, "was destined to amaze Europe," should have inherited from such a mother her talents and her courage without her piety, must be a subject of regret to all who read the story.

This remarkable woman kept a diary in which, with great minuteness, she relates the most interesting events of her life, and her reflections upon them, and which extends, more or less continously, from 1656 (four years before the Restoration) to her own death in 1678. The manuscript,

which is all in her own handwriting, is in the possession of the Earl of Roden, at Dundalk House, one of his residences in Ireland. The late Earl of Roden published it in the year 1856, with a very interesting preface written by himself, in which he describes the principal incidents in Lady Mordaunt's career, and relates how the manuscript came into the possession of his family. He describes the manuscript as "originally bound in vellum, and closed with a silver lock," and as having been concealed "behind some books for nearly two centuries" in the library at Dundalk House, until the period of its publication. Dundalk House was purchased by Anne, the youngest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Mordaunt, who was married to Jas. Hamilton, Esq., of Tullymore Park, County Down. It was purchased as a residence for her son James, afterwards Viscount Limerick, whose daughter was the wife of the first Earl of Roden. As to the contents of the diary, Lord Roden thus writes: "In it this gifted lady gives an interesting account of her feelings, with a strict examination of them, on the various events, both public and private, which happened during her life, with her prayers and thanksgivings on those occasions." She describes with much feeling "the trial and acquittal of her husband in the High Court of Justice;" "his differences and his lawsuit with his brother," the second Earl of Peterborough; her thankfulness for the "King's most happy and miraculous Restoration" in 1660, for which she indites a special thanksgiving to be repeated every year on the anniversary of that event. The diary contains very touching descriptions of her intense anxiety during the time of the great Plague in 1665, and of the Fire of London in 1666, with the outpouring of her thankful heart, expressed both in prose and verse, when "these

calamities were over-past." The expressions she uses are, throughout, of the most natural and unstudied description; and it is clear that the pages were intended for no eye but her own.

The following are some of the striking utterances in which this accomplished person gives expression to her ardent affections and desires.

On the 29th of May, 1660, she resolves that this shall always henceforth be her hymn of thanksgiving:

What praises can I render unto Thee, my God, worthy Thy acceptance at any time! . . . O what praises, then, can I now render upon this day, on which Thou hast showered such multitudes of mercies upon me as I partake in the public good, upon me as being a member of Thy Church, upon me in the particular and personal comforts that my dear husband and I have received by the King's most happy and miraculous restoration upon this day, a miracle past expectation! . . . O give unto our prince, and to the rulers of this Church and nation, to me and to my dear husband in particular, so true a sense of Thy mercies, as that we may not dare to offend Thee, that hast so highly blest us. O pardon our sins past, and let this day, as it is a renewing of our praises, become an increase of our devotions, and a means of our repentance and amendment. . . . O Lord and Saviour, who art full of mercy and goodness, turn our hearts from all our wicked ways, and so fix them upon Thee, as that we may be accepted by Thee, both here and eternally hereafter. Amen.

It will be remembered that in the last year of the Commonwealth, after the death of Oliver Cromwell, several attempts were made to effect a Royalist reaction, before the successful advance of General Monk from Scotland in the following year. In many counties a resolution was taken to rise in arms. The plans of the Royalists were, however, betrayed before they were ripe; and it would seem that the only rising which was even partially successful was that of Sir George Booth, who attempted the capture of Chester for the King in 1659. In this attempt, as in every other of the

kind, Lord and Lady Mordaunt appear to have taken the warmest interest. When Sir George Booth was subseqnently defeated and taken prisoner by General Lambert, the person who had been the chief opponent when the Protector was offered the dignity of king, Lady Mordaunt does not fail to pour out her heart to God in behalf of the defeated general. And then follows the form of prayer her loyal heart intended ever afterwards to use :

When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me. I lifted up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. In the Lord was my trust. For when nothing but blood and destruction could be expected, when Sir George Booth was taken, and the business destroyed which was designed for the good of the nation, of the Church and King, and when the lives of my friends and relations and of many honest people were in danger to be devoured by the enemy, I then humbled myself before Thee, my God, and unto Thee I made my supplications and vows, for the lives of all those Thy distressed people . . . Thou hast turned my heaviness to joy, by granting me the request of my lips. For Thou hast not only most miraculously preserved the lives of all these Thy servants, but Thou hast restored to them their liberties and estates. O ever praised be God, that hast not given us over for a prey unto our enemies, but hath set our feet in a large room.....O my soul, trust thou in the Lord, for with my God there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption, and to Him for ever be the glory..

And again

How infinitely merciful beyond expression hath thy most glorious majesty appeared to me, the most unworthy of creatures, and to my dear husband! Lord, continue these Thy mercies, and so sanctify them to us as to better us by them, and make us entirely Thine, that we may spend our whole lives in Thy service. Lord, glorify Thyself by us, giving us grace to glorify Thee both here and eternally hereafter. Amen.

The diary is filled with prayers and meditations and thanksgivings of this description. Some, like these, referring to events of general and national interest, others, more frequently, relating to the domestic events in her own family.

Fourteen pages are occupied by a very touching and tenderly worded meditation on the successive clauses of the Sermon on the Mount. This was written during the temporary sojourn of the family at Montpellier in the year 1669; it ends with the devout prayer that she and all hers might learn the lesson of the Sermon, as follows:

Let me be like unto the wise man that built his house upon a rock, and that rock Christ Jesus, upon which foundation, Lord, evermore let me build; that when persecutions and afflictions come I may stand firm and immovable, and not perish with simple people that have laid their foundation on the sandy vanities of this world, for great will be their fall. Dearest Lord, from that dismal fall preserve, I most humbly beseech Thee both me and mine, my dear husband, my children and family, all Thou hast been graciously pleased to give unto me; make us Thine, dearest Lord, and then preserve us so; and at the last day present us to the Father, cleansed and purified in Thy blood, that we may behold Thy presence in righteousness, and sing hallelujahs to the glory of Thy name.

But the diary is chiefly occupied with what concerns her family life. There are several references to her eldest son Charles, as there are to almost all her children. She tells of her thankfulness to God for his recovery from sickness in 1667, of her prayers for him on his going as a student to Oxford in 1674, on his commencing a journey in France in 1675, and on his entering the Navy in 1677. Those who remember the skill which that son displayed in the writing of smooth and melodious verses, and which contributed to make him the friend and ally of Alexander Pope, will not be surprised to find that the mother had no mean skill in the same art too. The diary contains, as has been said, verse as well as prose. The following are given as samples of the way in which this excellent woman loved to versify her thoughts, and thus to commune with her own heart and in her chamber and be still; no alteration is made in the lines,

except that the spelling is modernised :

MY BIRTHDAY, MARCH 1, 1674.

O let that day which gave me breath
Be spent in praise to Thy great name;
Let it a new and joyful birth
Become, of grace, of love, of fame—
A birth of all that's good and just,
Of all that may make me Thy own;
And make me on Thy mercies trust,
That I henceforth may joy in none
But Thee—
Thee, who alone canst make me what I ought to be.

The family seem to have left London, and so escaped danger, during the plague; and on their return, she thus expresses her gratitude, July 1st, 1666 :

THANKSGIVING AFTER THE GREAT PLAGUE.

How great, my God, Thy mercy did appear,
That we in safety all returnèd were,
Free from those frights and ills that sent us hence,
Preservèd safe, by Thy most sure defence;
Whilst the destroying pestilence rag'd here,
Then great and small did fall, both far and near.

In the autumn of the same year occurred the memorable fire of London. Breaking out in a baker's shop near London Bridge, the fire extended itself with such rapidity that no efforts could arrest it. For three days and nights it continued to advance, and it is calculated that four hundred streets and thirteen thousand houses were destroyed. Lady Mordaunt thus describes her feelings when at last it had subsided :

It is to Thee, my dearest Lord, that I
For help and safety in distress did cry;
To Thee 'tis fit I should all praise return,
That when the City great in flames did burn,
My husband, children, self, and all that's mine,
Were safely guarded by Thy power Divine.

But by far the most interesting part of the diary is the account the writer gives of the State Trial of her husband, which is minutely described, and is followed by the most fervent expressions of her gratitude to God on the occasion of his acquittal. The whole of the circumstances of the trial are so peculiar, and so characteristic of the times when they occurred, that they are worth relating. The following summary is mainly taken from the brief memoir, already referred to, by the Earl of Roden.

In 1658 Mr. Mordaunt, as he then was, was brought to trial for High Treason against the Commonwealth and Cromwell, then Lord Protector. The charge against him was that of conspiracy for the restoration of the Monarchy, and holding communication with the exiled King. Two other persons were involved in the same trial, both of whom were, by the same judges, and on similar evidence, condemned to death and executed. These were Sir Henry Slingsby and the Reverend Dr. Hewitt. The Duke of Ormond, who had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, would have been brought to trial at the same time, but he had escaped from the country. A full account of the trial is given in the "Thurloe State Papers," and also in "Howell's State Trials." From these it would appear (though we should not have known it from the diary) that it was mainly to the intelligence and dexterity of the future Lady Mordaunt that her husband was indebted for his acquittal. The Protector, it would seem, was not able to trust to an unbiased jury, and a High Court of Justice had been constituted, consisting of—according to Lord Clarendon —twenty judges without any jury. Lady Mordaunt's account in the diary gives the number of judges as forty. Among such a number, says Clarendon, there were generally some

who "out of pity, or for money, were inclined to do good offices to the prisoners," or at least to "communicate such secrets to them" as would guide them in their trial. Of these "Mr. Mordaunt's lady had procured some to be very propitious to her husband." By the private advice of these persons, the prisoner, who, at his first appearance, had refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Court, was prevailed upon to submit to its authority. He was so strictly guarded in the Tower that to communicate with him there was impossible; but, on his next return to the Court, a note from his wife was conveyed to him, which induced him to withdraw his refusal. The trial then proceeded. The principal witness was a certain Colonel Mallory. By the management of a friend, Mallory was persuaded to make his escape from the hall—into which he had been reluctantly taken—before he was called upon to give his evidence. This was sufficiently gratifying. But, more surprising still, one of the Judges, Colonel Pride, who would have voted against the prisoner, was suddenly taken ill, and obliged to leave the Court. Colonel Pride only returned after the verdict had been taken, and too late to reverse the decision. The result was that nineteen of the Judges voted "guilty," and twenty, including the President, John Lisle, voted "not guilty," the prisoner obtaining a verdict of acquittal by a majority of one vote. We are not surprised, after this, to read in the diary, "Praised be the Lord for ever, for He hath preserved the life of my husband;" "Thou hast heard the voice of my supplication, and hast considered my complaint; Thou hast granted my heart's desire, and not refused the request of my lips, when I begged the deliverance of my husband from the hand of his enemies." "Thanks be to the Lord, for He hath shewed us marvellous great kindness

in this strange deliverance."

Though acquitted, the accused did not at once regain his freedom; he was remanded to the Tower by order of Cromwell. When the truant Mailory had been discovered, a second trial was contemplated; but a second trial for the same offence, even upon new evidence, was so repugnant to the public feeling that Cromwell dared not encounter the reproach of it, and was prevailed upon to set the prisoner at liberty. In the next year, 1659, Mr. Mordaunt was, by letters patent, created Baron Mordaunt of Reigate, and Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon; in 1660 he was among the first to meet the King on his return from exile, and to welcome his restoration to the throne. Soon afterwards the new peer was made Constable of Windsor Castle, and Lord Lieutenant of Surrey. Alas! however, his troubles and those of Lady Mordaunt did not end with the restoration of the monarchy. In 1666, he was impeached before the House of Lords, "evidently," says Lord Roden, "for no greater crime than a literal and lenient enforcement of a warrant of the King, and prosecuted with a degree of virulent determination for which it is scarcely possible to account." That he escaped from any ill effects of this impeachment appears to be due more to the "jealousy of the House of Lords and Commons in respect to predecents, privileges and forms, than to the relenting of his enemies." In reference to this happy deliverance from the undeserved "persecution of our enemies," the diary contains a "Prayer of thanksgiving to my God, to be said every Monday in the year, so long as I live," which, Lord Roden well says, "breathes the very spirit of the Psalmist," and which ends with the well-chosen words, "As for us and our family, we will serve the Lord our God."

Viscount Mordaunt died on the 5th of June, 1675. The

Viscountess, who survived her husband only about three years, appears to have resided with her children at the Bishop of London's house at Fulham. Among the Additional MSS. in the British Museum is preserved her "Account Book," containing particulars of her later years, from which several extracts are given by Mr. Harvey in his "History of Willey Hundred." In addition to Charles, her eldest son, who succeeded to the Earldom of Peterborough and the Barony of Turvey, several others of her children distinguished themselves in the subsequent history of the nation. Henry, the second son, became a member of Parliament, a Lieutenant-General in the army, and Treasurer of the Ordnance; Lewis, the third son, rose to the rank of Brigadier-General in the army; and Osmund, the fourth son, died fighting at the battle of the Boyne. There are portraits of both the Viscount and Viscountess in the possession of the Earl of Roden; that of the Viscountess was painted, in 1665, by Louise, Princess Palatine, daughter of the Queen of Bohemia. Both the date and the name of the artist are stated, by Lord Roden, to be inscribed on the picture.

III.

CHARLES MORDAUNT, EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

By Thomas Wright.

I. FORTY-SEVEN YEARS.

Of the boyhood of Charles Mordaunt little is known. In 1674, at the age of 17, he joined the navy, and some years later he entered the army. In the meantime (1675) when about eighteen years of age, he succeeded his father as Lord Mordaunt. Returning to England in 1677 he fell in love with and married the daughter of Sir Alexander Fraser, of Durris in Mearns, Scotland. Shortly after his marriage he embarked on a frigate bound for the Mediterranean, and took part in the operations against the Barbary pirates. In 1680 he was at the relief of Tangiers, but from this date to 1705, with the exception of service in the Low Countries in 1693 when he commanded the Royal Horse Guards, his life was of a civilian character. In politics he was a Whig, and hostility to the House of Stuart was one of the few things to which he was consistent through life. He had contracted an early friendship with Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney, whose principles he had imbibed, and it is a matter of surprise that he did not share their fate, or, at least, suffer some kind of punishment; for at the time of their execution, he took no pains to shield himself, but on the contrary fearlessly expressed his opinions.

As a soldier and a sailor Mordaunt had already attained distinction; he was also well-known as a wit and a scholar; and now he was to become prominent on account of his parliamentary eloquence. The question at issue just then was whether or not England should have a standing army. Mordaunt argued fiercely against the court party, maintaining that the only purpose of a standing army was "for subverting our laws, and establishing that arbitrary power which is so justly abhorred by Englishmen." He had the nation to back him, for the English had received too severe a lesson from the despotic actions of Cromwell's officers not to dread a permanently embodied armed force. Added to this was the fact that the officers of the small standing army then in existence were Roman Catholics, also the assumption of the time that these officers were ever ready to carry out the wishes of their arbitrary master (James II.)

Being in open and declared hostility with the court party, all chance for public employment in England was at an end; so in 1686 he asked and obtained leave to serve abroad. The same year he set out for Holland, and it is stated that he was the first Englishman of any position or note who openly invited William of Orange to England; though William was far-seeing enough to know that affairs were not then ripe for a revolution. Mordaunt, however, became the prince's most trusted friend, and when at last (October 1688) the invasion took place, rendered him most important services. Soon after William's accession Mordaunt was raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Monmouth, but though he at first enjoyed much royal favour, his influence with the King gradually declined, and finally William became totally estranged from him. One of the causes of this estrangement was the extraordinary part Mordaunt played in

what is known as the "Fenwick Plot." This affair is too complicated for us to enter into, so we shall content ourselves with recording that the result of the investigations into it in so far as they affected Mordaunt was that he was "turned out of all his places, his name was struck out of the Council Book, and he was imprisoned until the end of the session in the Tower."

Nothing, however, could subdue the elasticity of his nature. It is true that he endured his imprisonment with little patience, but it never entered his mind (as it would into the minds of many) to regard the ruin of his fame and fortunes as irreparable. He was one of those spirits "on whom the deepest wound leaves no scar."

In 1697 on the death of his uncle, Mordaunt had succeeded to the title of Earl of Peterborough—along with a portion of the family estates. Unfortunately, however, the greater part of the property, including the beautiful place of Drayton, was left to the old Earl's only daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk (afterwards the wife of Sir John Germaine); which alienation proved to Peterborough for many years a source of the most bitter mortification.

II. COMMANDER IN SPAIN.

William of Orange died in 1702. Anne succeeded. And now we arrive at the most eventful epoch in Peterborough's life. The war of the Spanish succession had commenced, the object of which on the part of the allies (England, Holland, and the Empire) was to place on the throne of Spain the Archduke of Austria, to the exclusion of Philip, grandson and nominee of Louis XIV. of

France; by which means they hoped to preserve the balance of power in Europe. In 1702 occurred the affair of Vigo Bay, which resulted in the capture by the English of a number of Spanish treasure ships. Marlborough in 1704 crippled the power of France at the great battle of Blenheim. In 1705 the English Government decided to send an expedition to Spain, and Mordaunt was appointed to the leadership. His troops, Dutch and English, numbered in all five thousand. After touching at Lisbon, where he took on board the Archduke Charles, he proceeded to Valencia; and hence, but for the opposition of the Archduke, who considered the scheme too daring, would have marched straight to the capital in the hope of finishing the war at one blow. From Valencia they proceeded to Barcelona, and then occurred one of the most brilliant actions in warfare. To enter properly into this affair, and to record Peterborough's stratagems and valorous deeds, would take too much space; but we strongly recommend those who desire to be acquainted with the particulars of this famous exploit, to consult the pages of Colonel Russell. Briefly then, in spite of the wretched incompetency and the contemptible behaviour of the other leaders, and in spite of other difficulties, seemingly insuperable, he succeeded in making himself master first of the fortification of Monjuich, and afterwards of the town itself. In the words of Macaulay, "The genius and energy of one man supplied the place of forty battalions," and "Peterborough had the glory of taking with a handful of men one of the largest and strongest cities of Europe." From Barcelona he marched to Valencia, taking towns and fighting battles on his way; then, a few days after his arrival, hearing of the near approach of a body of reinforcements to the Spanish general, he set out against

them in the dead of night, and with only one thousand two hundred men, defeated an army of four thousand.

A large army of Spaniards now arrived in Catalonia, and Barcelona was attacked at the same time by land and sea. Peterborough marched after them, but it would have been madness for him to give battle to such numbers, especially as they were under the conduct of a Marshal of France. To many, indeed, it seemed that Peterborough's outlook was exceedingly desperate. But times of danger were those in which he exhibited his finest qualities,

> And most his fortune and success were seen
> With means the most inadequate and low;
> Most master of himself, and least encumbered,
> When overmatched, entangled and outnumbered.

After harassing the enemy as much as he could with incessant alarms, by cutting off stragglers, and by introducing supplies into the town, Peterborough put himself on board one of the ships of the English Squadron, and by a clever movement, which almost resulted in the capture of the French fleet, relieved Barcelona. Having accomplished this, he returned to Valencia. The Earl of Galway, the leader of the Allies on the western portion of Spain, a sluggish man and an incapable general, inspired with emulation by Peterborough's successes, marched towards the capital, took several towns on his way, entered Madrid in triumph, and in its streets proclaimed the Archduke king of Spain. "It seemed that the struggle had determined in favour of the Archduke, and that nothing remained for Philip but a prompt flight into the dominions of his grandfather." The sequel, however, was otherwise. The conquerors discovered that the country, which they thought they had subdued, was all in

arms behind them. Their communications were cut off, and the people of Castile were rallying with enthusiasm round Philip. Once again Peterborough would have marched to Madrid, but his proposals were rejected by the foolish Charles. As a consequence, Peterborough remained in Valencia trifling away his time, and getting what pleasure he could out of that beautiful city. In the meantime, the enemy had compelled Galway to retreat. Peterborough then laid before the Archduke a plan for regaining the city. The plan was rejected. This was the last straw. Peterborough could stand it no longer. Disgusted with the whole affair, he quitted the army, leaving the Archduke to do as he could, and set out for Italy. "From that moment to the end of the campaign the tide of fortune ran strong against the Austrian cause." In January, 1707, Peterborough returned once more to Spain, this time merely as a volunteer. His advice was asked. It was, as usual, freely and unreservedly given. But, as usual also, and to the utter ruin of the Austrian cause, it was rejected. Peterborough had now received formal letters of recall from the Home Government, and, before the new campaign had opened, he departed for England. In his summary of Peterborough's conduct in Spain, Lord Macaulay remarks—"Scarcely any general had ever displayed equal originality and boldness." The supreme command in Spain was given to Lord Galway, which incapable general, in 1707, encountering the Duke of Berwick on the field of Almanza, lost in a few hours eighteen thousand men, one hundred and twenty standards, and all his artillery---a battle that decided the fate of Spain.

We may here fitly pause a moment and say something of Lord Peterborough's character, or rather quote Lord Macaulay's admirable summary of it. After calling him the

most extraordinary character of his age, and describing him as a polite, learned and amorous Charles XII. (Sweden), he says: "His courage had all the French impetuosity, and all the English steadiness. His fertility and activity of mind were almost beyond belief. They appeared in everything that he did—in his campaigns, in his negotiations, in his familiar correspondence, in his lightest and most unstudied conversation. But his splendid talents and virtues were rendered almost useless to his country, by his levity, his restlessness, his irritability, his morbid craving for novelty and for excitement. Repose was insupportable to him. He loved to fly round Europe faster than a travelling courier. He was at the Hague one week, at Vienna the next. Then he took a fancy to see Madrid: and he had scarcely reached Madrid, when he ordered horses and set off for Copenhagen." In the words of his friend Dean Swift, written after 1707—

Mordanto fills the trump of fame,
The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows every prince in Europe's face.
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette *à la main*
This day arrived, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain!

A messenger comes all a-reek,
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn!

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his followers strown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone :
A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corps, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him were it bigger.

"He was," continues Macaulay, the last of the knights-errant, brave to temerity, liberal to profusion, courteous in his dealings with enemies, the protector of the oppressed, the adorer of women." Even the Duchess of Marlborough, though for the most part his enemy, was unable to resist the fascination of his wit and the charm of his manner. No man of his time was better known. He was ever indulging in some wild freak or other, a spirit of fun and malicious humour frequently held the mastery over him, his eccentricities were proverbial, and his wild freaks, adds one of his biographers, "were funds of frequent trouble to himself and amusement to his contemporaries."

III. LOVE AND LITERATURE.

Upon Peterborough's return from Spain he was received coldly, many of his proceedings, especially his retiring to Italy without orders, having given displeasure to the Ministry; and his conduct was the subject of protracted inquiry in both Houses of Parliament. The discussion lasted ten days, but in the end the charges against him fell to the ground. Subsequently, a charge of ministry having taken place, he was complimented and thanked, and, in addition, substantially rewarded.

The years 1709 and 1710 were sad ones. In the former

the Earl lost his wife, and also his second son Henry; and in the latter occurred the death of his eldest son John, a Colonel in the Grenadier Guards. Lady Peterborough and both these sons are buried in the family vault at Turvey.

Subsequent to this, although Peterborough acted at different times as ambassador to various European States, there is little of interest to record in his public life; we shall therefore pass over it, and endeavour to get some glimpses of him at Parson's Green, Fulham, where he had a charming villa (Peterborough House) surrounded with pleasure-grounds and gardens; at Bevis Mount, a romantic cottage which he owned on Southampton Water; and at those resorts of the wits and scholars of the day---the famous coffee-houses.

First, however, a word about his second marriage. The Earl's fondness for the fair sex certainly did not decline as he grew advanced in years. About 1717 he was united to Anastasia Robinson, a young and charming woman, and a celebrated stage singer, at whose shrine he had for years been a worshipper; giving her, as Colonel Russell puts it, "what there yet remained of his battered old heart." But the marriage was not made known to the world until a short time previous to his death. Fond as he was of his new lady (and his devotion to her to the last no one can doubt), it was not in Peterborough to restrain himself from tender feelings towards other ladies also. His letters to one with whom he coquetted, Mrs. Howard (afterwards Countess of Suffolk), have been published, and are a most curious mixture of earnest and acting---"high flown compliments, profound bows, vows, sighs, and ogles." "Henrietta Howard accepted the noble Earl's philandering, answered the queer love-letters with due acknowledgment, made a profound courtesy to Peterborough's profound bows, and got John Gay

to help her in the composition of her letters in reply to her old *knight." And this was when Peterborough, "that indomitable youth" as Thackeray calls him, was seventy years old. In one of his letters the Earl acknowledges in verse the susceptibility of his heart---and he could throw off very good lines when in the mood:---

> I said to my heart between sleeping and waking,
> Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
> What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
> By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-patation?

From love we turn to literature, and it is in connection with his friendship with the leading men of letters of the day that Peterborough appears in one of his most favourable lights. After his return from Spain he was very much in the company of Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, Gay, and other well-known authors, and his correspondence with the first two extends over a large number of years. It is in the midst of his remarks on this literary coterie, and their meetings at the coffee-houses and Parson's Green, that Thackeray takes occasion to deliver himself of the following admirable counsel to the young:---"Try," says he, "to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life, that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admired; they admired great things: narrow spirits admire basely and worship meanly. I know nothing in any story more gallant and cheering than the love and friendship which this company of famous men bore towards one another. There has never been a society of men more friendly, as there never was one more illustrious." Peterborough's letters to Pope

*Thackeray.

overflow with wit, and his letters to Swift are equally good. It was a letter-writing age: and Peterborough, like some of his contemporaries, bestowed as much care upon his epistolary compositions as an author does now-a-days in writing a book. In a letter dated Jan. 10th, 1713, Swift writes:---"At seven this evening, as we were sitting after dinner at the Lord Treasurer's, a servant said Lord Peterborough was at the door. The Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. . . . He is at least sixty, and has more spirits than any young man I know of in England. He has got the old Oxford Regiment of Horse, and I believe will have a garter. I love the hang-dog dearly."

Good as may have been the talk at the coffee-houses---and Peterborough was a great frequenter of them---we like best to think of the Earl in his place at Parson's Green, or at Bevis Mount. At the former, especially, things went gloriously. The dinner parties given there were among the the most memorable occurrences of the day. The Earl himself was head cook, and that circumstance alone was sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the dishes, for during his Spanish campaign he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the art of cooking---his knowledge of which, on more than one occasion, in his journeyings, he had had good reason to be thankful for; and though he did not parade his culinary knowledge, he was never ashamed of it, nor of the cook's dress in which he superintended operations. But the viands, though delectable, were not the chief source of pleasure. The guests were entertained with the finest music that the most gifted artists of the day could produce, Peterborough delighted everyone with his witty conversation, and his amusing anecdotes of his adventures; and the Earl's

brilliant guests were not the men to allow conversation to flag that had once been well started, nor to hold by the reins their piquant talk or their hilarity. Then there were the grounds. On September 1st, 1711, Swift speaks of the fruit garden as the finest he had ever seen in London, and says there were "abundance of hot walls for grapes, which were ripening fast." We have spoken of Peterborough's intimacy with Pope, Swift, and other men of letters; but it should be pointed out, too, that he was something of a writer himself. Little that he wrote however is now in existence. Horace Walpole, who includes him among "Royal and Noble Authors," speaks of him as "one of those men of careless wit and negligent grace who scatter a thousand bon-mots and idle verses, which we painful compilers gather and hoard till the owners stare to find themselves authors."

Peterborough, it appears, always had a hankering after the fame of an author; and in connection with his remarks on this trait in his character, Col. Russell tells a tale concerning the Earl's dealings with Voltaire, who was at the time his guest---a tale which reveals the latter in great odiousness, and which, when we reflect also on the treachery with which Voltaire behaved to other of his benefactors, we are not very likely to disbelieve. The Earl wished to publish a book, and he "commissioned his guest Voltaire, who was more or less connected with literary work, to act as an intermediary between himself and the publisher. With this object he supplied Voltaire from time to time with various sums of money, intended to defray the cost of publication as it went on. The publisher received the first instalment only, and on the strength of this put a portion of the book in type. No more money, however, was forthcoming, and he was told by Voltaire that Peterborough objected to advance him anything

further until the book actually came out. The publisher consequently was obliged to stop the publication for want of funds, which it had been agreed that he should receive; till at last, justly thinking that he had been hardly treated, he determined to brave an interview with the Earl himself, and to remonstrate with him personally on his breach of agreement. Then it all came out. It appears that Voltaire had appropriated the money, which had been given him regularly according to promise, while he had accounted for the delay in the publication of the work by blaming the publisher for his slowness and procrastination. It may be supposed that Peterborough, whose naturally quick temper had not softened by age, on learning the treachery and dishonesty of his guest, became perfectly frantic. As bad luck would have it, Voltaire happened to come in while the interview was taking place and narrowly escaped with his life, as Peterborough drew his sword and rushed at him. Voltaire, however, managed to escape from the house, and concealed himself in a neighbouring village during the night. The next day he returned to London, and almost immediately afterwards left England for the Continent."

At Bevis Mount, "his little Amoret" as he called it, Peterborough arranged some of his old guns, flags, and other spoils from Spain; and it is to these Pope makes allusion in his first epistle to Lord Bolingbroke:---

> Our generals now, retired to their estates,
> Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates.

In 1735 Peterborough, who for several years had been a martyr to a most painful disease, submitted to a dangerous operation; and in order to receive benefit from the warmer climate, he was advised to visit Lisbon. He reached his

destination, but no improvement in his health took place, and on October the 25th of the same year he passed away. His remains were brought to England and interred in the family vault at Turvey church. Over the vault is a brass with the following brief inscription to his memory:---

"Quod mortale fuit Caroli Comitis de Peterborough et sex suorum avorum hoc sepulchro jacet."

In 1852, whilst alterations were being made in the chancel, two vaults belonging to the Mordaunt family were opened. They contained six coffins of lead and two leaden cysts. The coffin of "The Great Earl" was found to be inscribed thus :-- "The Right Honble. Charles, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth, General of the Marines and Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, died at Lisbon, Oct., 1735, aged 78." The vaults were again carefully closed, and strong arches of stone were thrown over them. The portion of the church above them is now the organ chamber. The title of Earl of Peterborough and most of the honours of the family became extinct in 1814.

Excellent portraits of Peterborough are still in existence, but even without them we should be able to picture with tolerable accuracy the famous man who was so well known and so often described by his contemporaries, the "meagre, thin, wasted, little man," who, in spite of his eccentricities, his weaknesses, and his numerous short-comings, will ever be regarded as one of England's greatest sons.

IV.

LEGH RICHMOND.

By Thomas Wright.

Legh Richmond was born at Liverpool in 1772. In his childhood he accidently injured his left foot, and was lamed for life. In 1797, shortly after quitting Cambridge, where his amiable nature had gained for him many friends, he proceeded to the Isle of Wight, where he entered upon the curacies of the adjoining parishes of Brading and Yaverland. Shortly after, an important change took place in his religious views, the result of his perusal of Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity," a work which just then was making very great stir in the religious world. Heart and soul, thereupon, he surrendered himself to God; and the spiritual advancement of his little flock and all connected with him became the great aim of his life. More than one spot in the island is instinct with the memories of Legh Richmond. At Brading are to be seen the cottage and the grave of "Little Jane;" and its churchyard brings to mind the scene of the good pastor watching the little ones committing to memory the verses on the stones. Shanklin Chine and its mimic cascade are also in a manner Legh Richmond's, reminding us of his references to them in "The Young Cottager." If in pilgrim mood we wend through Yaverland, his reflections on contemplating its church must of necessity present them-

selves, including his remarks about the "Three Houses"—one of the most beautiful portions of "The Dairyman's Daughter": "The House of Prayer," "The House for all living," and "The House not made with hands eternal in the heavens." At Arreton is Elizabeth's cottage, and its churchyard contains her grave. And, lastly, there is Sandown with its memories of "The Negro Servant." In 1805, after residing about eight years at Brading, Mr. Richmond accepted the appointment of Chaplain to the Lock Hospital in London. This place, however, retained his services for a very few weeks. In the summer of that year he removed to Turvey, of which he was Rector twenty-two years. Whilst at Brading, as far as we know, he published nothing, except a couple of sermons and a few long-forgotten reviews.

Notwithstanding the great revival in religion that had so recently stirred up the country, and put life into the Church, Evangelical preachers of ability were still rare. It took very short time for Mr. Richmond's popularity to be established, and great numbers from the neighbouring towns and villages regularly swelled his congregation. The people of North Bucks and Beds. had already drunk deep at the fountain of Evangelicalism, and now, instead of flocking to Olney, as they did in the days of Newton and his immediate successors, they flocked to Turvey; and all day every Sunday a long row of carriages and other conveyances, whose owners had put up at the "Tinker of Turvey," might have been seen in the village street. Cottage lectures, Sunday-school work, and the numerous other duties that employ a conscientious minister of the Gospel, occupied much of his time. His work, however, did not lie entirely in Turvey. On account of urgent solicitation he travelled about the country during certain parts of the year preaching in aid of

the Church Missionary Society, the Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, and other Christian institutions. At Manchester, at Leeds, at Mellor among the Derbyshire hills, in the Lake District, or wherever he happened to be preaching, multitudes flocked to hear him, and his sermons proved a lasting blessing to thousands. His visit in 1820 to the famous island of Iona, in Scotland, is especially noteworthy, and forms the subject of the next sketch. Mr. Richmond's success in these travels was marvellous, and the amount of work he got through day after day was a wonder to everybody. His acceptance of one of the secretaryships of the Religious Tract Society and his appointment as Chaplain to the Duke of Kent, the father of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. (1814) had also greatly enlarged his sphere of usefulness. His three remarkable narratives, "The Dairyman's Daughter," "Little Jane," and "The Negro Servant," appeared first in *The Christian Guardian* (1809, 1810, 1811) and afterwards in the form of tracts. The volume in which they were united and in which were considerable additions to the first of the narratives, received the name of "The Annals of the Poor," and it is on this work that the reputation of Legh Richmond chiefly rests. The popularity of the tracts, for it was as tracts that they first attracted general notice, was instantaneous. "The Dairyman's Daughter" was an especial favourite. It found its way into cottage and palace, and sold by thousands, even by millions. The cause of this popularity is easy to understand. "To a style," as Grimshawe says, "simple, elegant, and full of pathos," there is a united spirit of Christian love which transfuses its sweetness into every thought and expression. The beautiful imagery of his descriptions also attracted attention, but to quote Grimshawe again, "The stamp of

truth and reality which marks the details of the story, and the expression of feelings which find a response in every awakened mind constitute its principal charm." The first is, without doubt, the masterpiece. Few, who have read it, will easily forget the account of the death of the Dairyman's Daughter: the mother that sighed, but could not weep; the big tear on the brother's cheek; the old man gazing fixedly at his child; the closed eyes and wasted face of Elizabeth; the old soldier silently reaching out his Bible and pointing with his finger to the passage in Corinthians; the pastor breaking the silence with the solemn words "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" It is a sad, but beautiful scene. "The Fathers of the English Church," (1807-12) a work which embodied the substance of the more important writings of Tindal, Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer, Hooper, and others, caused him great anxiety. Though its merit was acknowledged on all sides, the sale was at first insufficient to defray the expense of publication—owing chiefly to the voluminousness and consequent expensiveness of the work—and he only escaped from his troubles through the very great exertions of his friends. His latter days were saddened by the loss of his sons—Wilberforce and Nugent; but his health had long been on the decline, and he died on the 8th of May, 1827. His funeral sermon was preached by his old friend, Mr. Fry of Emberton, who took for his text Romans vii., 24, 25, which had been chosen by Mr. Richmond a short time previous.

V.

*IONA AND LEGH RICHMOND.**

By the Rev. G. F. W. Munby, m.a.

I recently visited the beautiful Island of Iona, one of the Hebrides or Western Islands of Scotland, separated from the Island of Mull by the Sound of Icolumbkill, and from the Scotish mainland by the Sound of Mull. The situation of the Island, with its shining, white shore, with the blue water rippling round it, and the red granite crags of Mull behind it, and the sea birds hovering over it, was sufficiently beautiful to make one forget all else; but the history of this little sea-girdled spot of earth, reaching back as it does for thirteen centuries, to the days when Christianity was young, threw even the beauty of its situation into the background, and seemed to rivet the beholder to the spot.

For what is the spot? Why it is the very cradle of Christianity of Scotland and Northern England, and of large portions of the Continent of Europe. Here it was that Columba came from Ireland in the sixth century, with his little band of faithful disciples, in his rude boat of wicker-work. Here it was that that holy man established his humble oratory for praise and prayer and the study of God's Word, from which, as time went on, issued forth that noble band of missionaries whose labours spread the light of Christ's

* *Reprinted from "The Fireside," Sept.* 1885.

Gospel all through the British islands, and far beyond them. Every inch of it is consecrated by the memory of the piety, and the labour, and the sufferings of men of whom, as the Bible says, the world is not worthy. For the faith they held was pure, and Scriptural, and true, and the zeal they showed was Apostolic zeal. Cold indeed must be the heart that is not grateful to them.

A poet of our own day has written of this island—

"I landed on Iona's holy isle,
And wandered through its ancient ruins bare,
And felt the great Columba's self was there.
Thirteen long centuries seemed 'a little while'
Before the unchanging sea and sky, whose smile
He knew. He trod these paths; he breathed this air;
These waves once rolled responsive to his prayer,
Whose murmuring ripples now mine ear beguile.
Nor to the saint alone, closer I stand,
Nearer the Lord I seem, upon this shore!
The solid rock of this historic strand
Helps me to bridge time's waste of waters o'er,
And grasp His feet, and feel His loving hand,
In whom all saints are one for evermore!"*

And it was of Iona that Dr. Johnson wrote more than a century ago: "We are now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of Caledonian regions: whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefit of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion in such a place would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be

* Rev. R. Wilton.

such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, and virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Such are the sentiments which naturally come into the mind in a place like this. But other thoughts besides these occurred to me when I gazed upon the white sand and trod the shell-strewn beach of Iona. It was impossible for me to stand on the shores of this historic island without thinking of Turvey. It was in the year 1820 that Mr. Richmond, of Turvey, and his friend Mr. Pitcairn landed in Iona to explore its ruins and to benefit its people. Those who have read—and we all ought to read—the memoir of Legh Richmond, will remember the effect which that visit had upon his mind. It was the most interesting event in all his interesting life; it produced a lasting effect upon his own mind and character and feelings, and it issued in results which have permanently benefited the people of Iona. The memoir shows us the influence which Iona and its associations had upon Legh Richmond, but we must go to Iona itself to see the influence which Legh Richmond has had upon Iona.

I was in no way prepared for what I found as to this. Let me refer to the former first. Legh Richmond had just visited, as no traveller now can fail to do, the wonderful basaltic caves of Staffa, some seven miles away—the great cavern called Fingal's Cave, some 230 feet long and 60 feet high, the giant columns all around it and above it, and the deep blue sea rolling, echoing, dashing, making ceaseless music within it; and then he came to Iona.

"No words," he says, "can express the astonishing

sublimity, beauty, grandeur, and majesty of the former, or the deep and affecting interest excited by the ruins and association of the latter island." "When I entered the Cave of Fingal, I knew not whether to burst out into one unceasing cry of astonishment, or to meditate in unbroken silence of overwhelming wonder, or fall down upon my knees in devout adoration of Him who formed such a scene of sublime beauty." "Iona is delightful in another way. Here, amid the ruins of ancient grandeur, piety, and literature, I slept four nights in a little hut, surrounded by the graves and mouldering gravestones of kings, chieftains, lords of the isles, bishops, priests, abbesses, nuns, and friars,—the scene decorated with the fine and romantic remains of cathedrals, colleges, chapels, and oratories. I locked myself in for affecting meditation, amidst the ruins of the once grand cathedral of Columba; I walked upon the graves of numberless Kings of Scotland, Ireland, and Norway, who lie here in wild confusion, mingled with the poor forefathers of the present islanders. By day the sun shone---and by night the moon illuminated a splendid panorama of ocean islands, innumerable mountains, vast rocks, ruins, huts, ships, boats, and countless other groups of interest. Never did I see such sights, or feel such feelings before."

Such was the influence of Iona on Legh Richmond. What has been the influence of Legh Richmond on Iona in return? The answer is—You have only to mention his name in the island, to see that it is to every one there household word. "The memory of the just is blessed." When I put the question, "Is Legh Richmond still remembered here?" the answer was, "Oh, yes! Legh Richmond will never be forgotten in Iona." One person, to whom I put this question, answered me, "My father, sir, who died this spring,

was one of the boatmen who rowed him to Staffa; on his return he asked the boatmen what he had to pay them, and the answer they gave him was, 'You shall pay us nothing, sir; love has brought you here, and love shall find you a boat.'"

Every one who can possesses a boat on these islands; and the late minister of the Established Church, residing in the island, for many years had a boat which was called the "Legh Richmond." I was very sorry to find that this boat was at last no more, from use and age.

One other proof I will give of the hold which his name has on the place. During my visit, a festival was held at Iona, in honour of Legh Richmond's memory, in which a feast was given to the 560 inhabitants of the island, followed by addresses and singing, at which the children of the island sang Mr. Richmond's verses, composed on the island sixty-five years before, beginning,—

> "Thou God of all Grace, omnipotent Lord,
> Fill our hearts with the power of Thy soul-saving Word;
> Have mercy, Jehovah, and be it Thy will,
> To save the poor children of Icolumbkill."

Icolumbkill is another name for Iona, meaning the island of the cell of Columba. They were preparing for this festival and practising this hymn, when we were there.

But now it may be asked, What did Legh Richmond do for these humble islanders to merit that his name should be loved and remembered so? The answer is—When he went to them in 1820, surrounded though they were by the ruins of cathedrals and churches, they had no church of any kind in which to worship God; they had no Christian minister to teach them; they had the memory of holy days long past,

and that was all. They had, it is true, an excellent schoolmaster, but he had the merest hovel for his schoolroom; and all the public means of grace they had, was a service in this schoolroom four times a year, when the Presbyterian minister came over to them from Mull. No wonder that the fountains of the good man's love and pity were opened. Mr. Richmond gathered them together in the open air, and, as he says, "with a rock for his pulpit, and with the heaven for his sounding board," he preached to them by the side of the sea where their cottages stood, with the ruins behind him. Three times in one day, it seems, he thus addressed them, the schoolmaster interpreting his words into the Gaelic language. Before he left them he gave them a feast, also on the sea shore, every countenance, says the memoir beaming with delight and with thankfulness to their benefactor.

But the chief boon he gave them, was an earnest appeal which he put forth for funds to help them to provide themselves with a suitable building to be used both as a school and a place of worship. The result of this appeal has been, that now they have an excellent schoolroom with a schoolmaster's house, a good house for a resident minister, and two substantial churches in excellent repair. And, strange to say, these buildings have been erected without touching the fund which Mr. Richmond raised. Public attention seems so to have been called to the subject by the appeal, that separate funds for these purposes were raised. The then Duke of Argyll, who owned the island, himself erected the school, the manse, and (it seems) one of the churches; and the fund raised by Mr. Richmond, after lying by and accumulating for several years, was at last expended in purchasing and establishing a free library for the island, to be called for ever by his name, the "Legh Richmond

Library." Every book in this library is labelled with Legh Richmond's name, and some £10 a year is expended in the purchase of new books from the remainder of the fund which has been invested. Truly "The memory of the just is blessed." Sixty-five years is a long time. How many of us will be remembered sixty-five years after we are gone hence, and seen no more? After all these years, Legh Richmond's name is still held in reverence and in honour, as it always will be, in Turvey; and it is equally loved and honoured in that far distant island in the Western Ocean. Oh! that we all might try to learn from this to live so as to do some good in our day, by which we may be remembered when we are gone. It is only the memory of the "just" which is blessed, and the memory of none others beside. The same verse of the Book which says, "the memory of the just is blessed," says, "the name of the wicked shall rot." How will it be with each of us when our lives are over? Blessed indeed are they to whom the words shall be spoken, "I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took Me in; naked, and ye clothed Me; I was sick, and ye visited Me; I was in prison, and ye came unto Me; for inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." These who have acted so, are the just, and "the memory of the just is blessed."

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